John Cooper Clarke



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John Cooper Clarke

J-C-C

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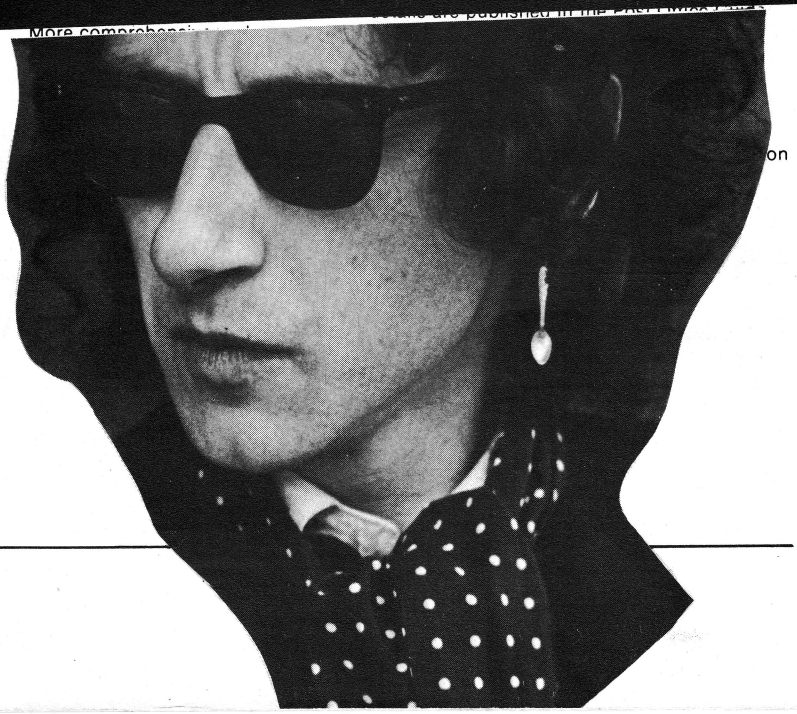
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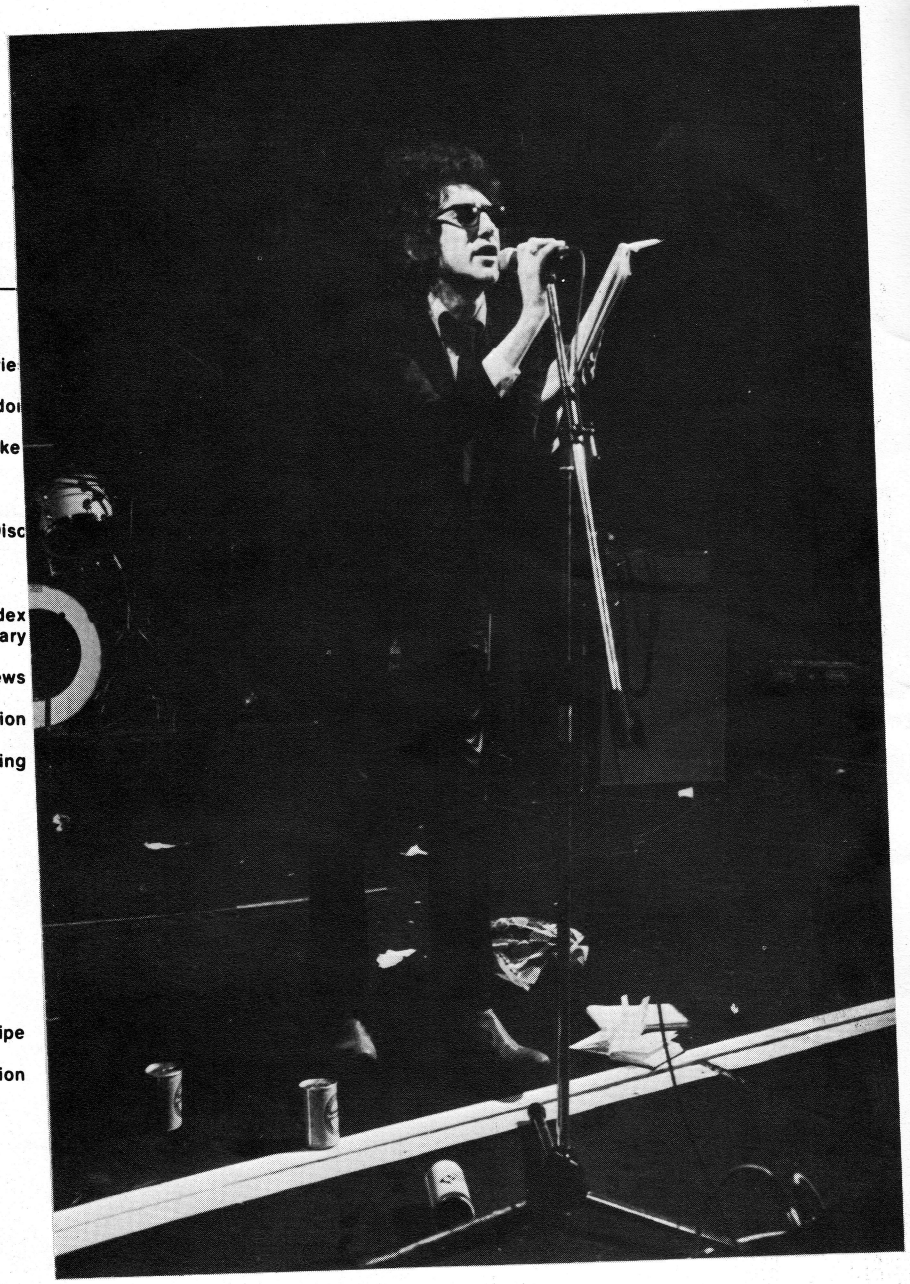
Alphabetical list
What every telephone customer should know

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Information services



Bedtime storie

Children's Londo

Cricke

Dial a Disc

Financial Times Index
and Business News Summary

Food Price News

Gardening information

Motoring

Recipe

Skiing information

Don't dial 01 from 01– numbers

State of Emergency

re astgu d

bg ing

or as sh ur dial lab ling ins

ell the operat e service yo

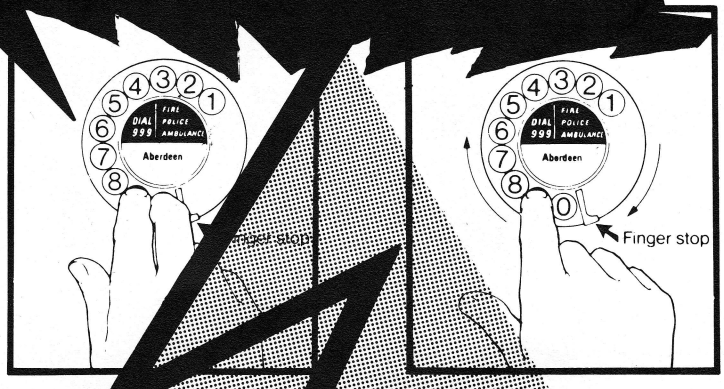
ve your exchange and numbe -figure numbe as approp

it until the Emergency author nswers

Then give them the full address ere he is need and eces nation

It is worth remembering ho
dial 999 in darkness or smoke.

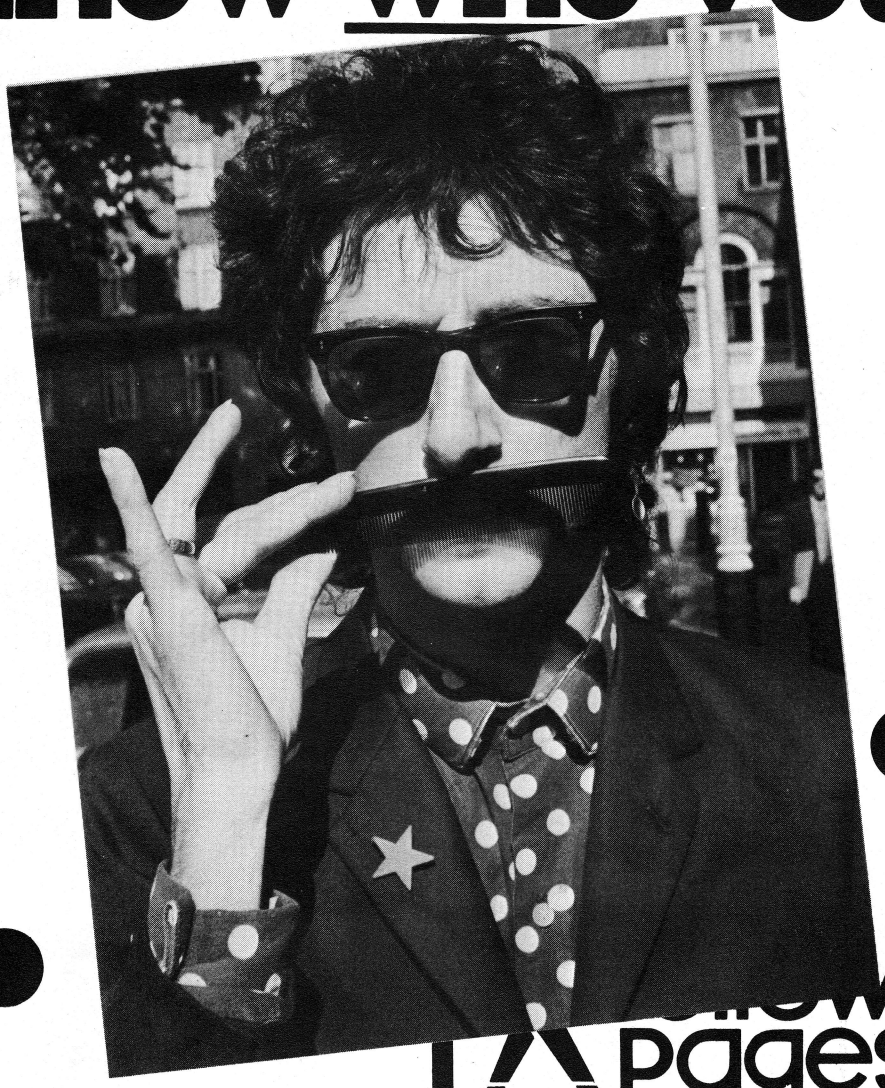
Place ngers holes in '9' h te to
direc Rel a
Rem



Please do the Emergenc uic ugent calls

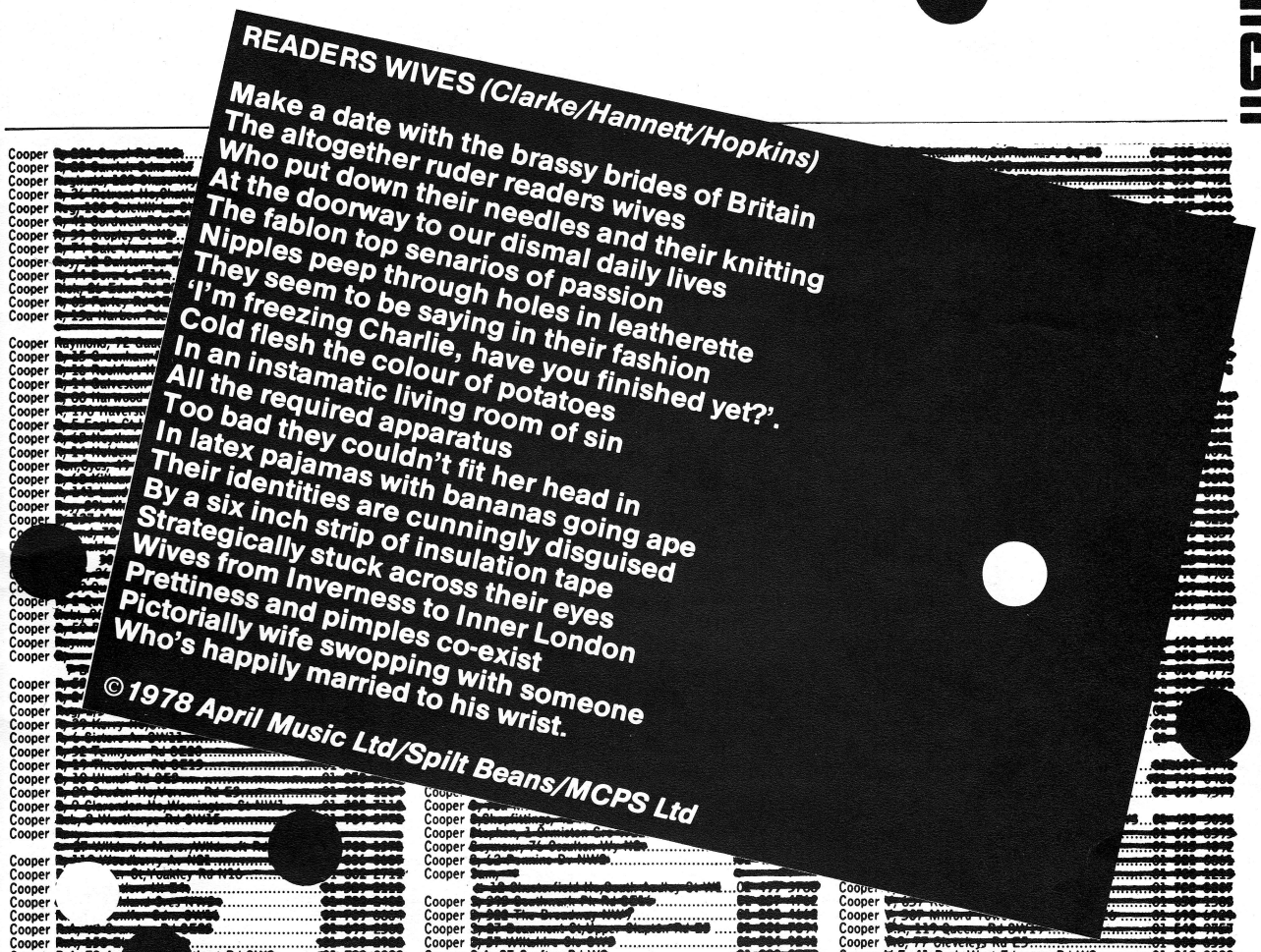
Calls to these services are free

If you don't know who you



Pages

AlphaBetaCalist



POST WAR GLAMOUR GIRL *(Clarke)*

Expresso Bongo snaps of Rome
Lower the tone of an ideal home
Fucks all day sleeps alone
Just a tiger rug and a telephone
Said the Post War Glamour Girl's never alone

In the 7th heaven on the 13th floor
Sweethearts counterparts kiss
Valentines either side of the door
Where the human dynamoes fist
Adults only overhead cubes
Debutantes they give her dubes
Beatnicks visit with saxaphones
The way she eats her Toblerone
Said the post was glamour girl's never alone

Mau-mau lovers come and go
Dreamboats leave her behind
In a baby doll to go man go
On the slopes of the adult mind

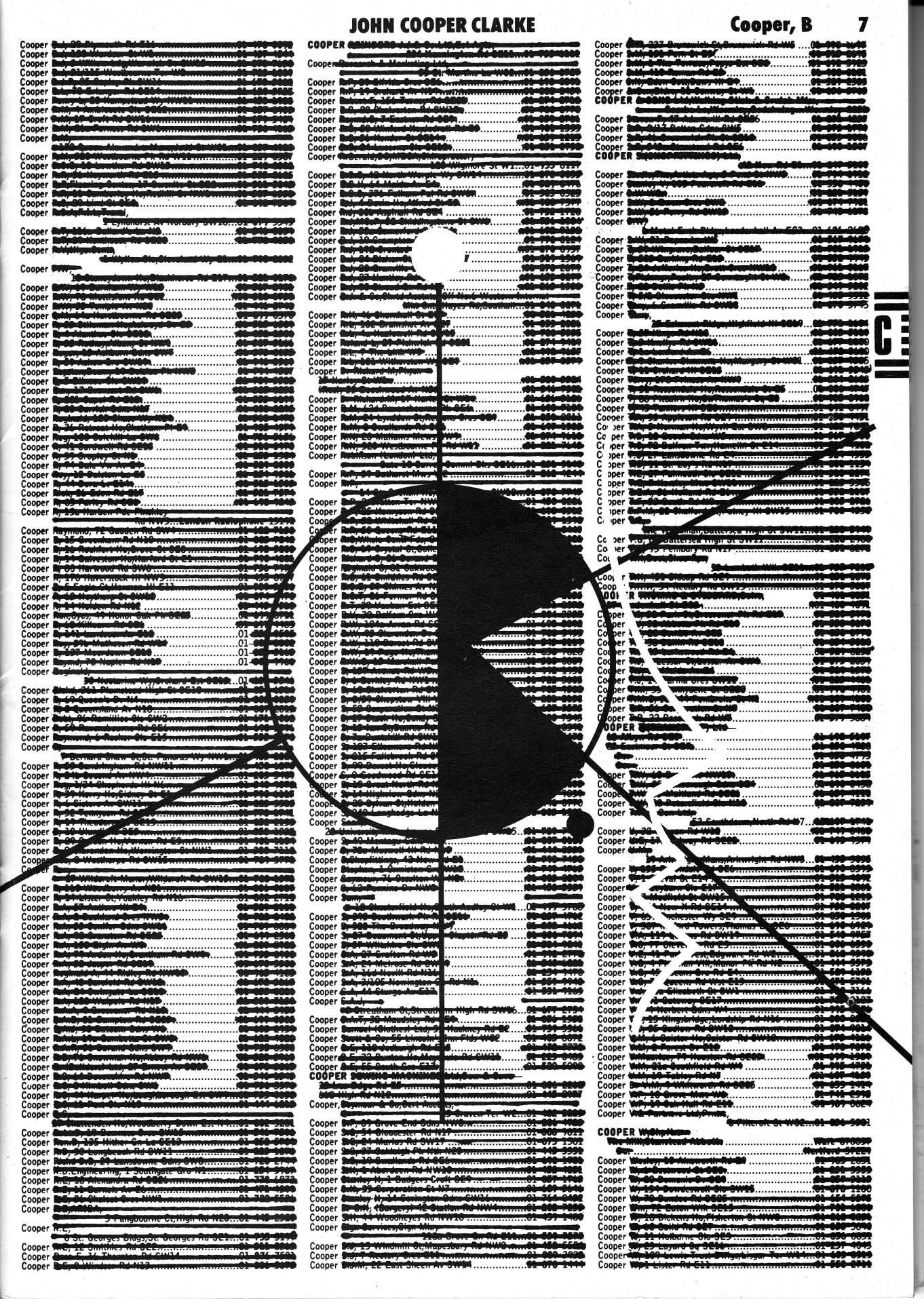
A murder mstery walk on part
A dead body or a gang-land tart
Near the knuckle close to home

Criminal connection can't condone
A non-doctor's anonymous drone
Said the post war glamour girl is never alone

That section of the populous they call the clientele
The moguls of metropolis defenestrate themselves
In the clothes of a rabbit you develop a twitch
One of the little sisters of the rich
Glamorous cameras clickety click
Her rosary beads are really bones
Rebel rebel they bug your phone
And the post war glamour girl is never alone

Yes there is always an action painter dropping in
A method actor for a cup of sugar
Vacant visitors refining the roubles of human treachery
A nice boy from Sierra Leone
From the flourishing capitals of the English speaking world
Just a tiger rug and a telephone
Said the post war glamour girl is never alone

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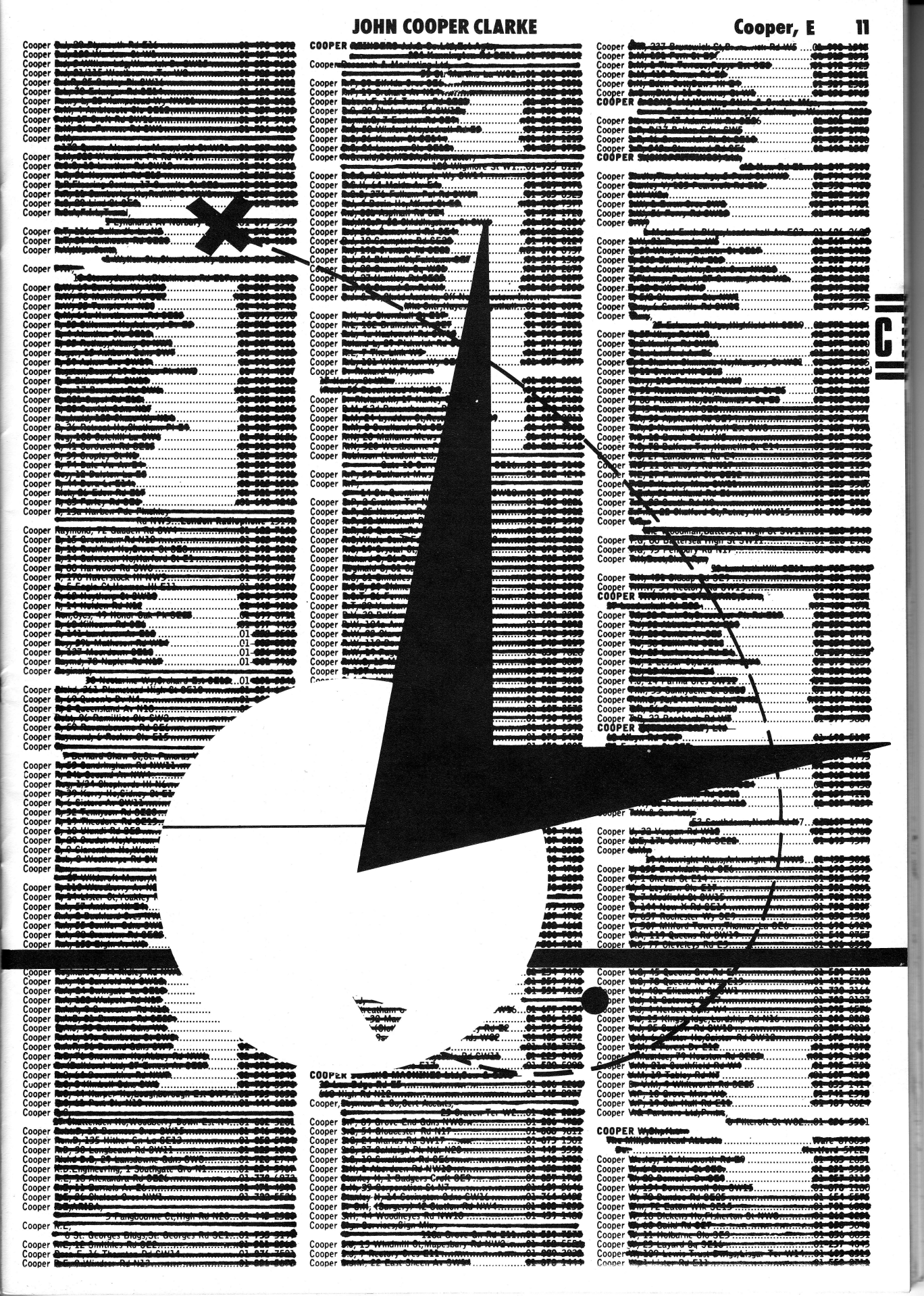




PSYCLE SLUTS *(John Cooper Clarke)*

This disc concerns those pouting prima donnas found within the swelling J. Arthur ranks of the sexational psycle sluts. Those nubile nihilists of the North Circular, the lean leonine leatherette lovelies of the Leeds intersection, love to have her angels locked in the pagan paradise. No cash, a passion for trash, the tough madonna whose crow magnon face and crab nebular curves haunt the highways of the UK, whose harsh credo captures the collective libido like larriats, their lips pushed in the neon arc of dodgems. Delightfully disciplined, dumb but deluxe, deliciously, deliciously deranged. Twin wheeled existentialists steeped in the sterile excrement of a doomed democracy; whose post-Nietzchean sensibility rejects the bovine gregariousness of a senile oligarchy; whose god is below zero, whose hero is a dead boy condemned to drift like forgotten sputniks in a fool's orbit, bound for a victim's future in the pleasure dromes and ersatz bodega bars of the free world. The mechanicals of love grind like organs of iron to a standstill; hands behind your backs in the noxious gas of cheek to cheek totalitarianism. Hail the psycle sluts! Go, go the Glan Gringos for the gonada age of cunnilingus! The dirty thirty, the naughty forty, the shifty fifty, the filthy five. Zips, clips, whips and chains wait for you to arrive. Hells Angels by the bus load, stoned stupid, how they strut, smoke woodbines till their banjoed and smirk at the Swedish schmut, life on the straight and narrow path drives you off your nut. By day you are a psychopath, by night you are a psycle slut. On the BSA with two bald tyres, you drove a million miles. You cut your hair with rusty pliers and you suffer with pillion piles, you get built-in obsolescence, travel in your guts, but you don't reach adolescence, slow down psycle sluts! Motorcycle Michael wants to buy a tank, only 29 years old and he's learning how to wank. Yesterday he was in the groove, today he is in a rut. My how the moments move, brute fun psycle sluts. See cats on your originals, you peepee on his boots. He makes love like a footballer: he dribbles before he shoots. The goings on at the gang-bang ball made the citizens tut, tut, tut, but what do you care, piss all, you tell 'em, psycle sluts. Boyfriend's burned his jacket, ticket expired, tyres are knackered, knackers are tired. You can tell your tale to the gutter press, get paid to peddle smut. Now you've ridden the road of excess that leads to the psycle slut so you can dine and wine on stuff that's bound to give you boils. Hotdogs direct from Crufts done in diesel oil or the burger joint around the bend where the meals are fast and skimpy, for you that's how the world could end, not with a bang but a Wimpy.

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Cooper
Cooper
Cooper

TRACKSUIT *(Clarke)*

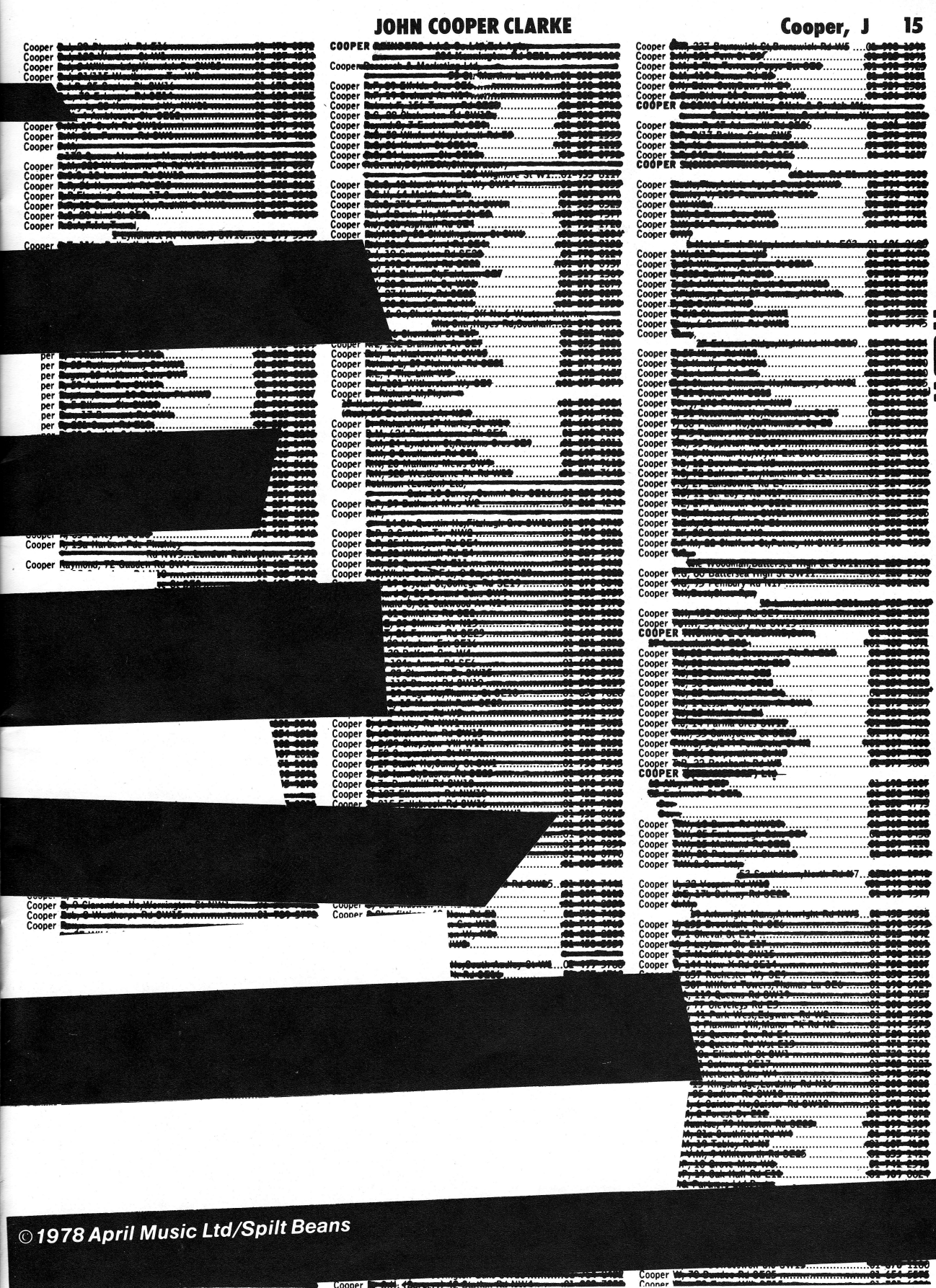
I got a new Track Suit
I wear it everyday
Keeps me cool and casual
I wore it yesterday

I got a new Track Suit
I wear it anywhere
Track me down the training ground
Maybe I'll be there

Wearing a brand new Track Suit
With a medicine ball to boot
Knee pads an airline bag
The overall smell of Brut
The overall smell of Brut

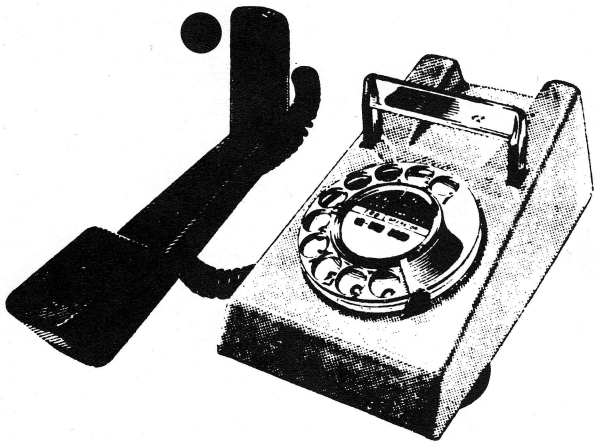
Expert eyes scrutinize
Scientists agree
One track suit would suffice
But you're better off with three

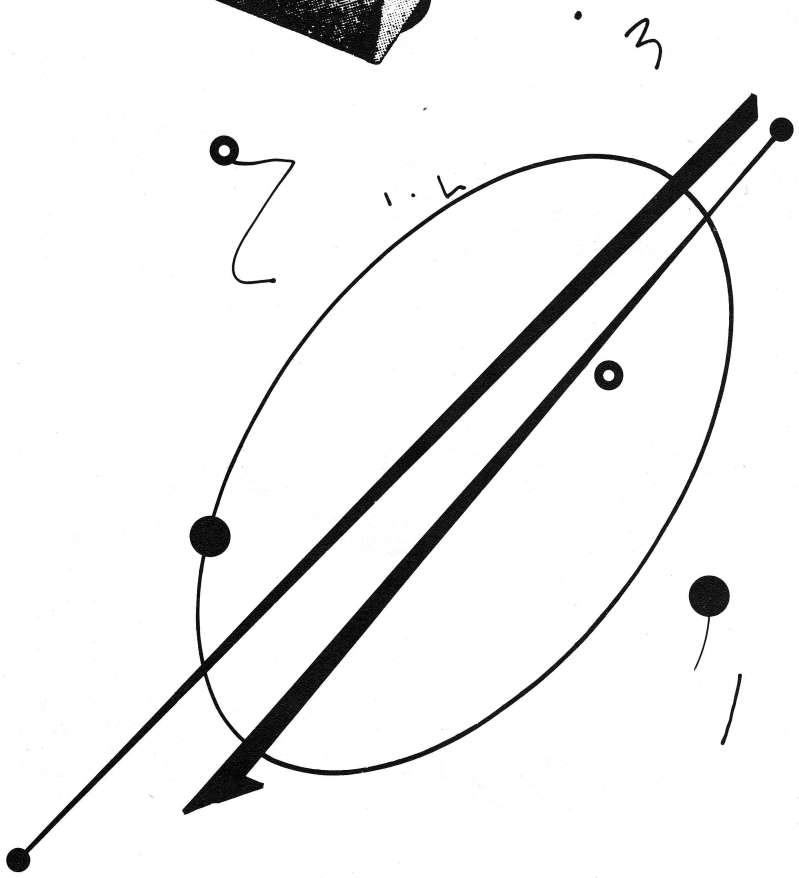
I got one two tone nylon
Yellow stripes on navy blue
I got a brand new track suit
I got the old one too.

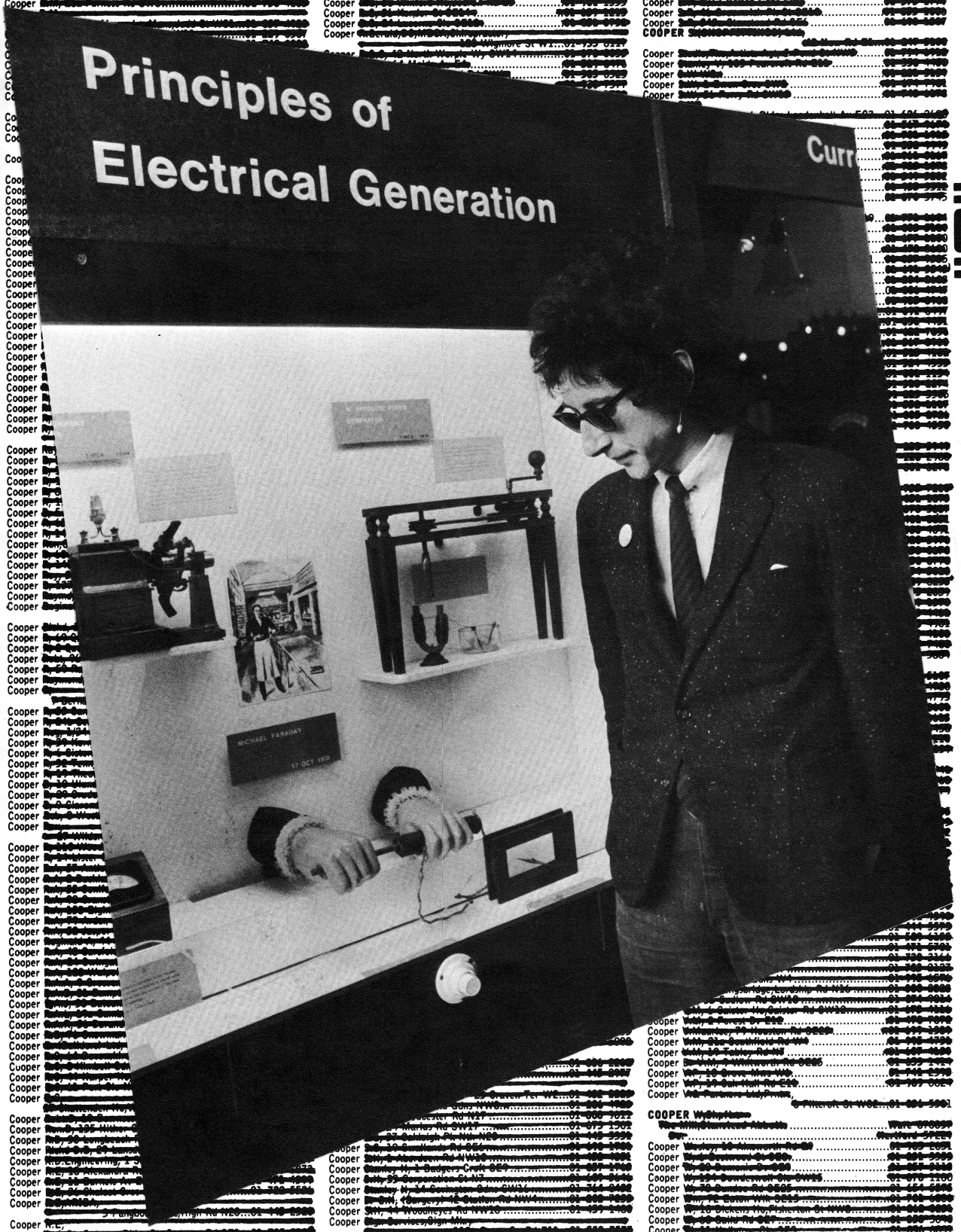


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This is today's conversation piece!






Principles of
Electrical Generation
MICHAEL FARADAY

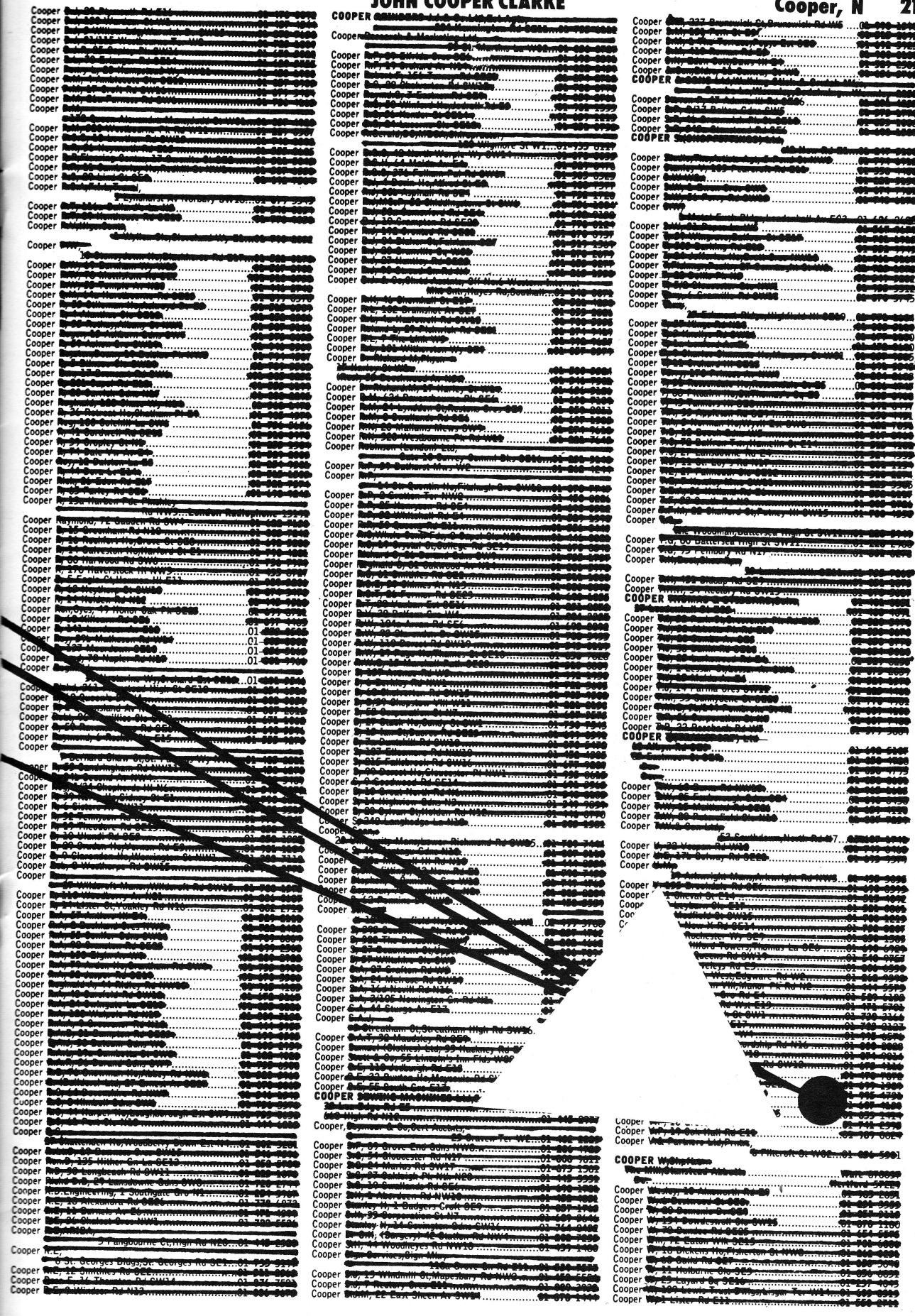
TEENAGE WEREWOLF *(John Cooper Clarke)*

I scream all the way to the chair
And in the face of tanks
Take the stairway to the stairs
And I scream 'thanks'
Fake snakes and mock crocs
And killers cut my throat
That's me in the call box
Stepping out of my coat
I found a reason for living
Everyday I die
I was a Teenage Werewolf
Or was I?
I fall off trains and torture dames
Just to keep in the swim
I get slain on Memory Lane
And the people say 'Oh it's him'
Easy money play hard to get
Those love toys to amuse
The non-doctor's penthouse pets
Who drink champagne from shoes
Walk in rooms and out of rooms
That's my cuppa tea
I've seen the world, I didn't like it
What's in it for me
Invisible girls go haywire
I'll be their go-go guy
I was a Teenage Werewolf
Or was I?
Murder victims talk to me
Detectives come and go
Their dangling receivers tell me
All I need to know
We only live once or do we
Take advice from Mickey Spillane
Me Third . . . Nazi Blood-Brother
Never give the right name
Those dead delicious nudes
They hang around their necks
Moving raincoat
By the sliding doors of discotheques
Where boys are boys
And girls are toys
Not programmed to reply
I was a Teenage Werewolf
Or was I?

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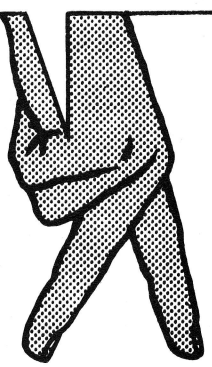








NEARLY
34 MILLION
PEOPLE
WALK
THIS WAY



VALLEY OF THE LOST WOMEN (John Cooper-Clarke)

The windows are Frigidaire icebergs, frozen in prickly heat
The vanishing cream victims drip-fed amnesia neat
Where the test card melodies warm you in powder blue pseudo bellair
Germs and flies alarm you they whisper the word 'expellair'
The eyes of the night sub-zero peep through the windows of sleep
Everyone's husband is a hero and ghost insurance men creep
Through the Valley Of The Long Lost Women
Dreaming under the driers, eating, sleeping and slimming
According to what is required
They walk through three-colour brochures depicting palms on aqua marine
In the half built hotels out of focus they're mending the vending machine
Where sixty Italian love songs are sung to a million guitars
They lick their drinks-on-sticks among the men with important cigars
Numb to the digital numbers
Numb two three . . . four five six
Lost in a far away rhumba
Where the oil drums are beaten with sticks
She left her heart in Frisco
She left her room in a mess
She left her hat at the disco
She never left her address
The diving board springs to assistance
Throws you off from the shore
Telephone rings in the distance
There are lifts getting stuck between floors
A truck turns into a cul-de-sac
Springtime turns to ice
Ruck sacks turn into hunch backs
Muscle men turn into mice
In a painless panorama
With its perpendicular might
The women are going bananas
And disappearing from sight
What do the girls say . . . bong!

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I DON'T WANNA BE NICE *(Clarke/Hannett/Hopkins)*

Here he comes now

The fast fingers
The expert eyes
And the same old How d'ya do
Disgust is just his dumb disguise
He wants a word with you
His problems are the end
His mouth needs exercise

The last thing I need is another friend
I Don't Wanna Be Nice
I Don't Wanna Be Nice
I think it's Clever to swear
Better seek some sound advice
Better look elsewhere

Your face is an obvious case
You shouldn't put it about
This is neither the time or place
To sort these matters out

What you see is what you get
You only live twice
A friend in need is a friend in debt
I Don't Wanna Be Nice

No we never met before
I'm very happy to say
Far from perfect strangers
I'd like to keep it that way
I'm not your psycho analyst
I'd rather talk to mice

You're so easy to resist
I Don't Wanna Be Nice
I Don't Wanna Be Nice
I thinks it's clever to swear
Better seek some sound advice
Better look elsewhere

Your face is an obvious case
You shouldn't put it about
This is neither the time nor place
To sort these matters out
What you see is what you get
You only live twice
A friend in need is a friend in debt
I Don't Wanna Be Nice

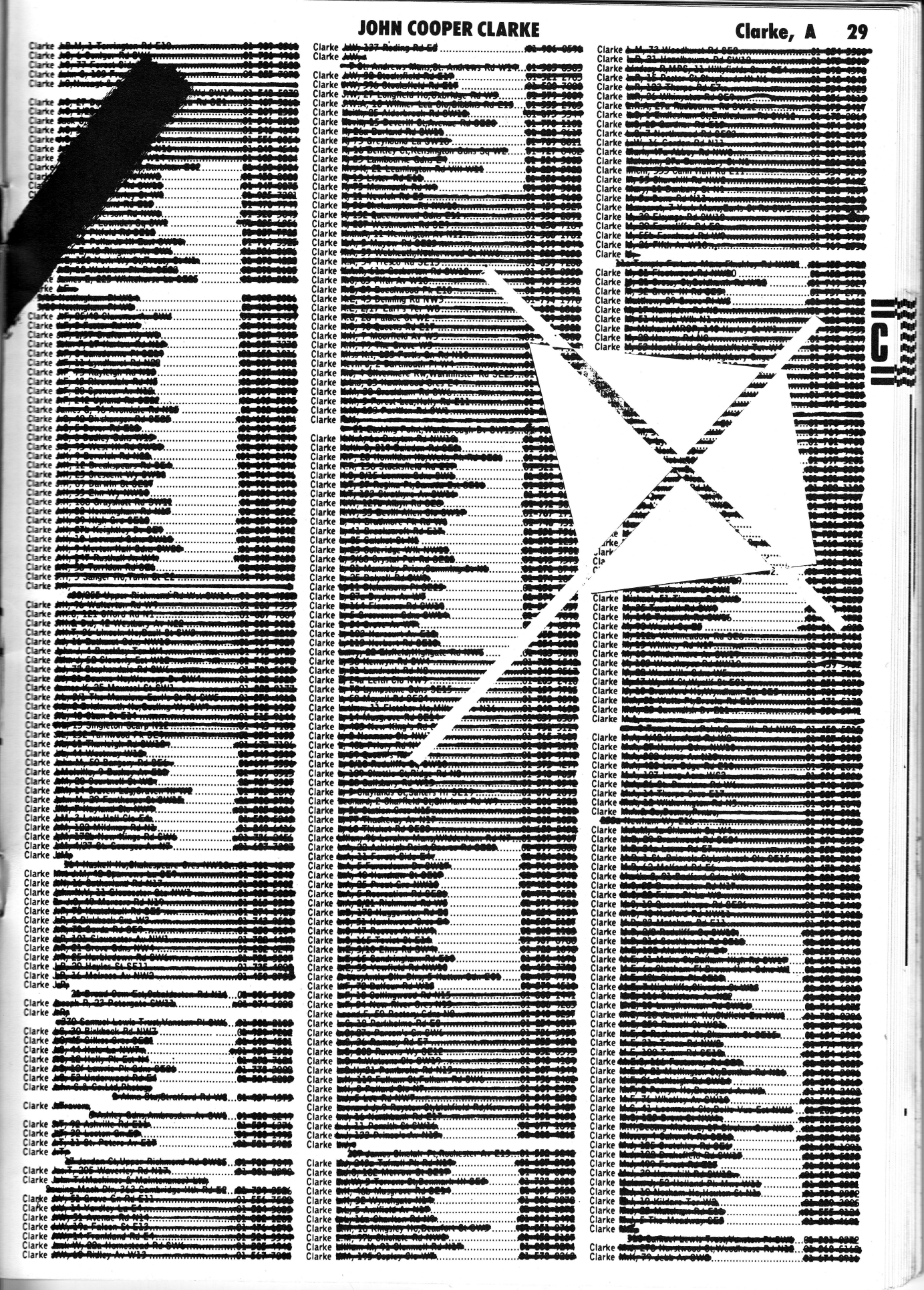
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Which Clarke?



See inside front cover for more detailed information.



HEALTH FANATIC *(Clarke/Hannett/Hopkins)*

Round the block against the clock
Tick tock tick tock tick tick tock
Running out of breath running out of socks
Rubber on the road flippety flop
Non skid agility, chop chop
No time to hang about
Work out, health fanatic, work out
The crack of dawn he's lifting weights
His tell-tail heart reverberates
He's high in polyunsaturates
Low in polysaturates
The Duke Of Edinburgh Award awaits
It's a man's life
He's a health fanatic, so was his wife
Time off, it doesn't pay, enjoys himself the hard way
Allows himself a Mars a day
How old am I? What do I weigh?
Punch me there, does it hurt? No way
Running on the spot, don't get too hot
He's a health fanatic, that's why not
Peanut power stay ahead
Running a traffic jam, taking the lead
Hyper-activity keeps him out of bed
Deep down he'd like to kick it in the head
They'll regret it when they're dead
There's more to life than fun
He's a health fanatic he's got to run
Beans, greens, tangerines and low cholesterol margerine
His limbs are loose his teeth are clean
He's a high octane fresh air fiend
You've got to admit he's keen
What can you do but be impressed
He's a health fanatic, give it a rest
Shadow boxing punch the wall
One a side football, what's the score, one all
Would've been a copper, too small
Could've been a jockey, too tall
Knees up knees up head the ball
Nervous energy makes him tick
He's a health fanatic, makes you sick.

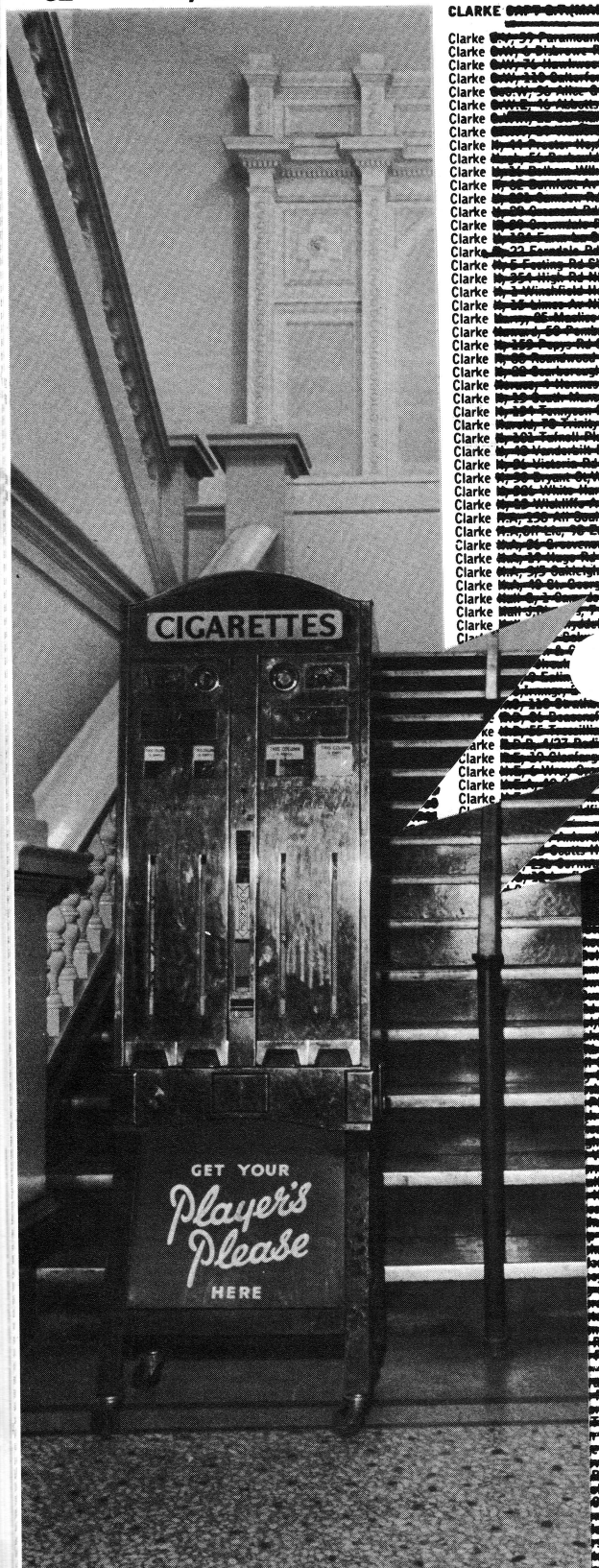
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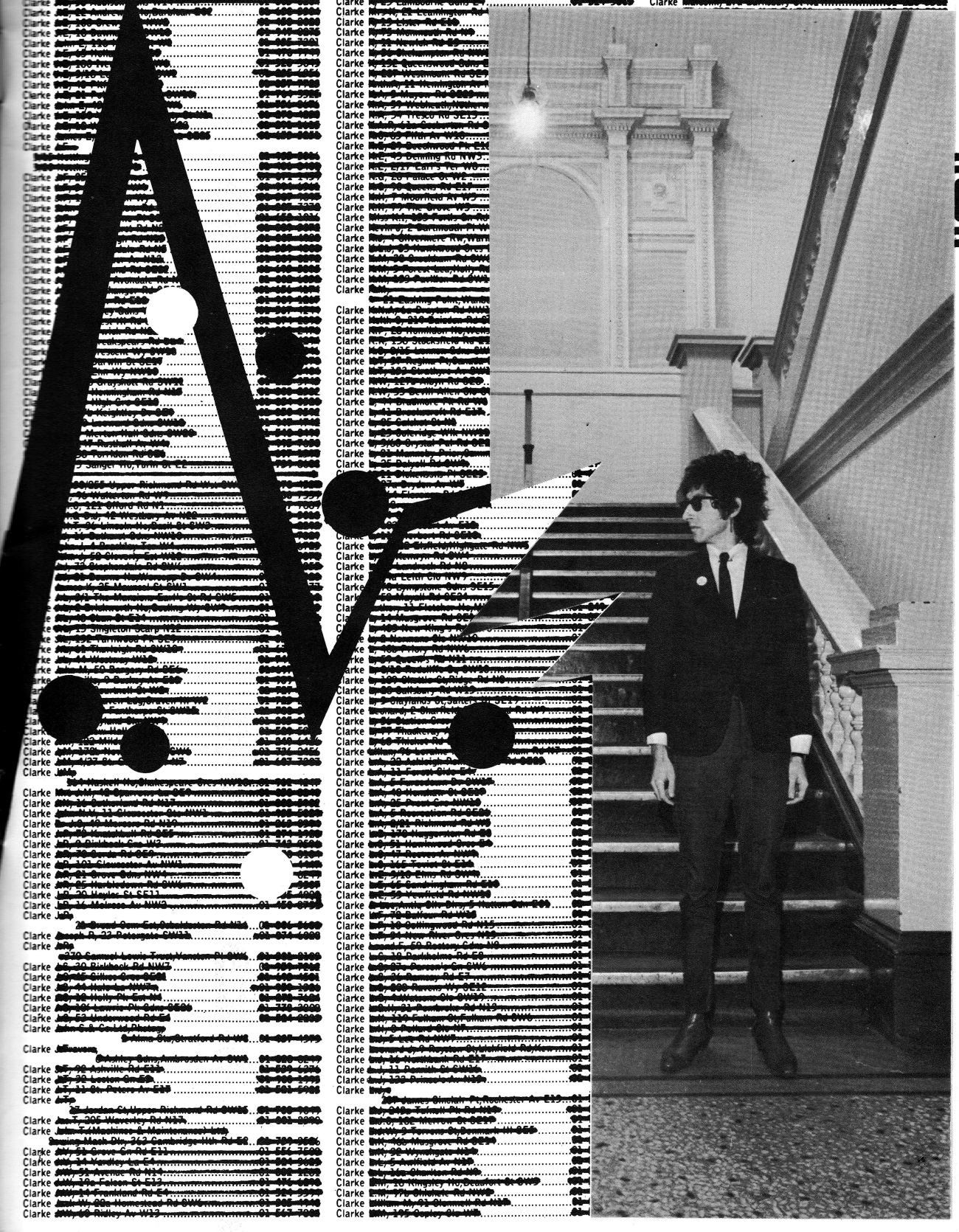


nastic Equipment



JOHN COOPER CLARKE





JOHN COOPER CLARKE



TEN YEARS IN AN OPEN-NECKED SHIRT

Otto Dreckstrasse was the bastard offspring of Count Ludwig Dreckstrasse (the lard mogul) and Tracy. The Count died of self-inflicted stab wounds three weeks before the birth, and Tracy, four months later, perished alone with her sapphires, the victim of a mau-mau hit squad leaving Otto with the one thing that money can't buy–poverty.

At one year old he found himself alone in a post-war landscape of flattened streets patrolled by aimless amputees. He was adopted by Sheba and Rex, a pair of alsations with whom he lived for the next eight years in an art deco cocktail cabinet on a whalley range bomb site. Discarded chips and chewing gum were the day to day diet of the sub-savage dog boy whose reversion to barbarism was prevented only by the spiritual guidance of Sheba and Rex who were devout Catholics.

Four years later it was arranged for him to attend the school of Our Lady of the Seven Robes of Gold by the Garden of Sorrows in the Vale of Tears (school motto 'Behold His Precious Blood'). It was run with Spartan efficiency by the Little Daughters of the Sick under the benevolent tyranny of Sister Scourge. "How do you feel?" she asked, and Otto replied in his native tongue "Ruff".

The world of language proved hyper-accessible to the lad, even then he was no stranger to the written word. There had been days at home when a high wind would festoon him with random information: bus tickets and timetables, bankrupt magazines, yesterday's papers, obsolete menus, the throwaway stuff of the teen market. Caution exposure to heat could cause drowsiness . . . Push the release . . . Details on the reverse . . . Shake the bottle . . . Should we fail to please . . . Do not bend . . . Barmitzvah cards, cartons and cans, cookbooks and comics, comics rich with the gaudy iconography of physical pain, loud with the language of shrapnel. Their pages had burned his eyes, he knew the jagged truth of the broken window and the wordless poetry of the spikes punctured the music of chimes. At the age of six Otto had been educated by accident.

Daily religious instruction furnished his open mind with tales of treachery and slaughter, morbid betrayals in the gardens of the faithful. Episodes of fabulous torture occupied his vision, incense filled his nose with the fatal breath of ghosts while hermaphrodite choirs droned in his ears.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

He was encouraged to join the Knights and Handmaidens of the Blessed Orchid where he met the sinister Raoul who introduced him to the tactile beauty of the luger and the lyricism of Mickey Spillane. His navy blue hair stuck down with ancient grease, his eyes like vicious fish, Raoul's daydreams were so grand that he himself was not allowed to enter them. Raoul suffered delusions of adequacy.

Three weeks before his ninth birthday Otto returned home to find the cocktail cabinet in flames and Sheba and Rex with their heads split by vigilantes in the rabies scare of 1959. Otto sat down on a paint can and on the back of a woodbine packet wrote this, his first poem.

I know not what giveth
don't even ask me why
you're going to be delivered
to the cupboard in the sky
I who denied thee thrice
shall never sleep nor eat
til all the dogs of Paradise
come shitting on the street

"That's, arguably, the greatest piece of literature in the world today" enthused a sudden voice. Otto looked round to see a tall, loose-limbed man dressed in the anti-mode of the bohemian. His hair was based on the coupe-savage style favoured by the existentialists (who were A1 credibility-wise in the flourishing capitols of the EEC). His face read like a road map of excess and though his mouth moved his voice seemed to be coming from the side of his neck.

His name was Daz Nabisco, the heir to a crumbling biscuit empire who had, by virture of his artistic endeavours, secured a position of trust at the Marxist-Leninist ping-pong club. Daz persuaded Otto to declame his poem at the club's variety night the following Thursday.

Among those appearing were Horace and Boris (the brothers Morris) reading a three hour concrete poem entitled 'It's Goodbye From Us Til Now'. A neo-functionalist mime troupe presented a one act play based on 'The Fucking Twats', a novel by Larry Dines concerning the Judeo-Christian ethic of self as not-self. A lively set from Mr Wrong and the Unsuitables (currently enjoying chart action with their protest song 'It's A Swizz') ensured that pop fans were not disappointed.

But the night belonged to Otto. His rapid voice belied the profound nature of his parents' epitaph. At the end of the show, over steaming semovars of thick mahogany tea, all agreed that the new boy had arrived. All except Larry Dines who had been poisoned.

He left the school of Our Lady of the Seven Robes of Gold with this, his second poem.

The people's flag is bloody red
God was black
now she's dead

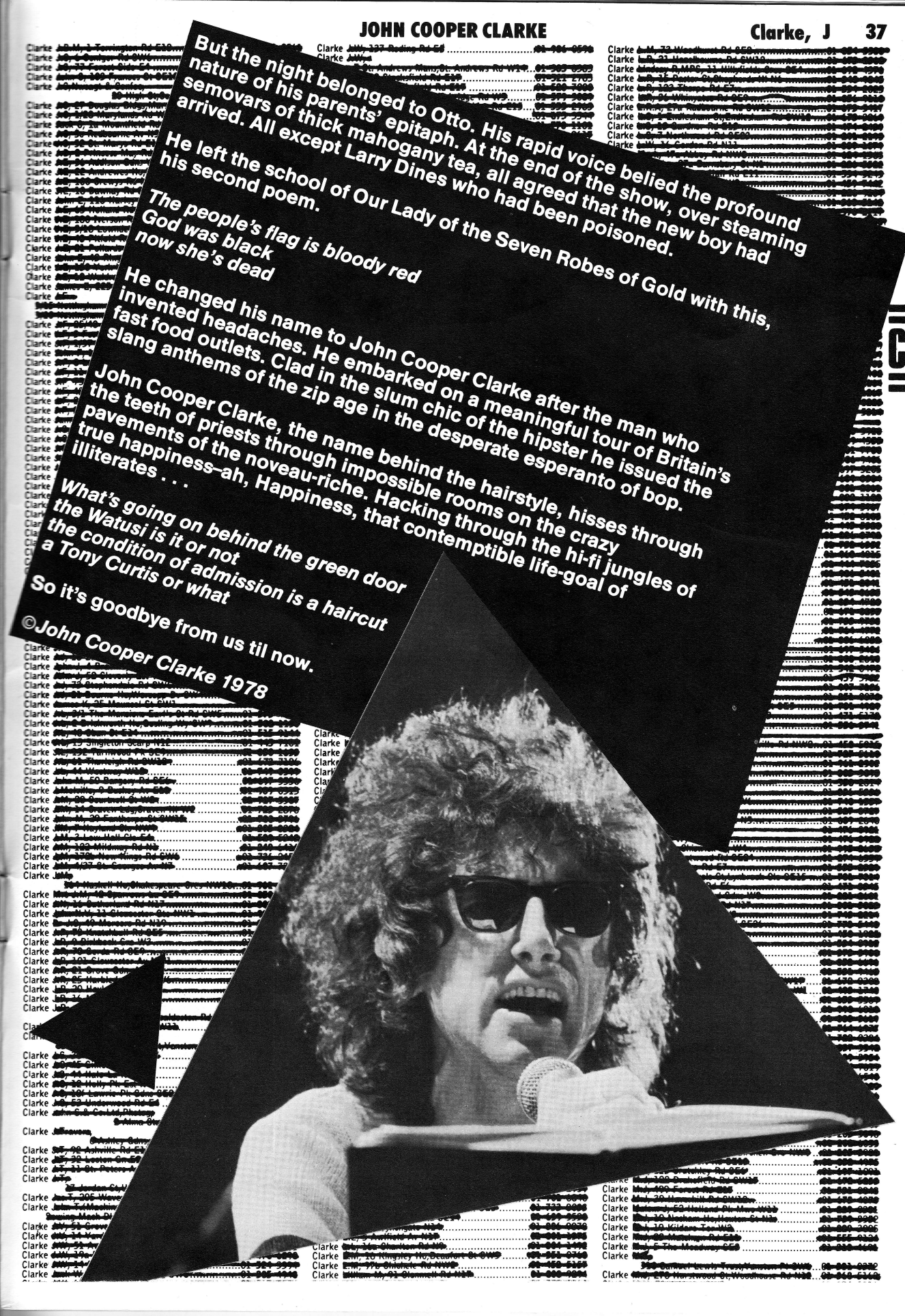
He changed his name to John Cooper Clarke after the man who invented headaches. He embarked on a meaningful tour of Britain's fast food outlets. Clad in the slum chic of the hipster he issued the slang anthems of the zip age in the desperate esperanto of bop.

John Cooper Clarke, the name behind the hairstyle, hisses through the teeth of priests through impossible rooms on the crazy pavements of the noveau-riche. Hacking through the hi-fi jungles of true happiness–ah, Happiness, that contemptible life-goal of illiterates . . .

What's going on behind the green door
the Watusi is it or not
the condition of admission is a haircut
a Tony Curtis or what

So it's goodbye from us til now.

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STOCKMAN
PARIS LONDON
PRIVATE S.C.D.G.

SALOME MALONY *(Clarke)*

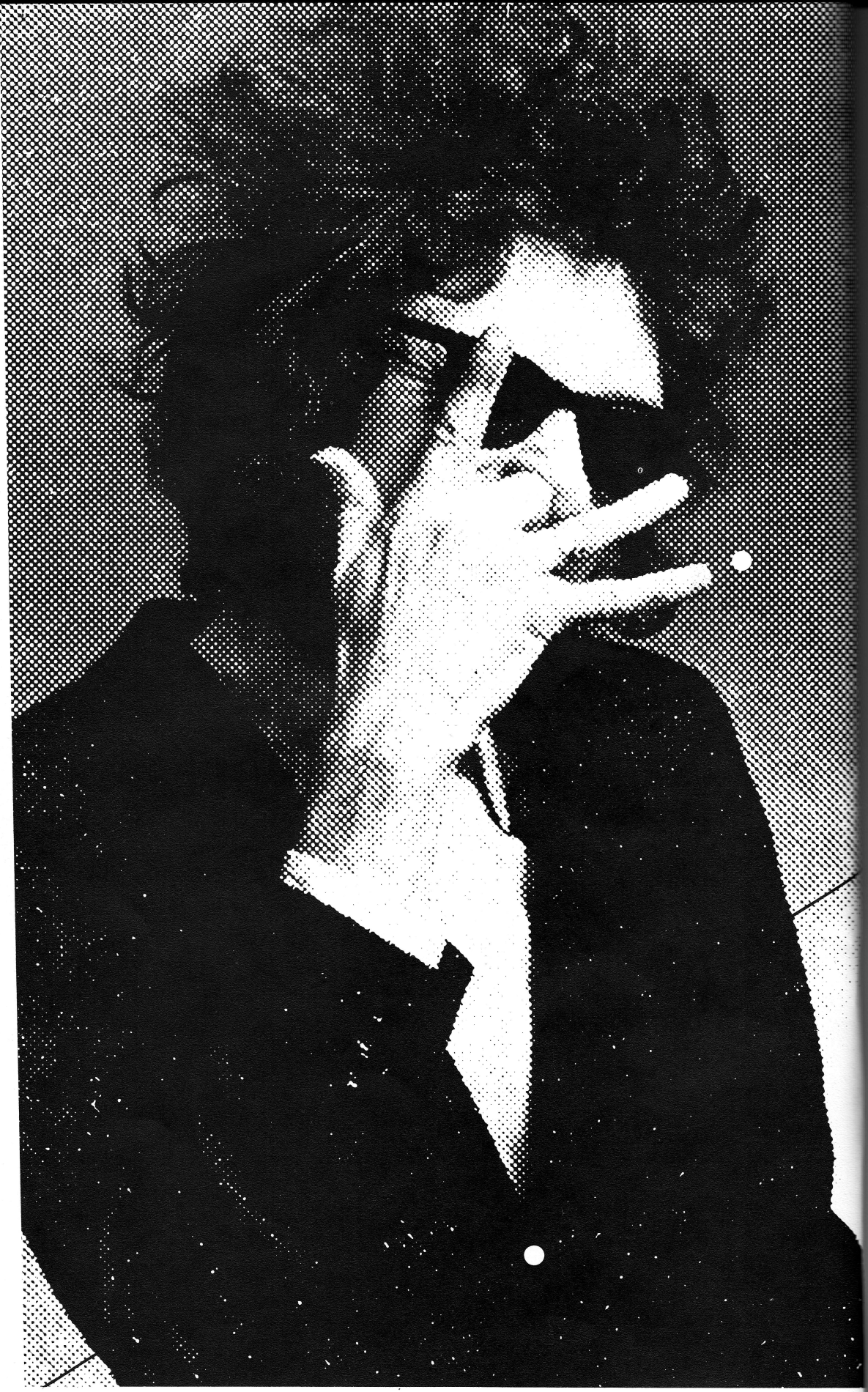
I was walking down Oxford Road
Dressed in what they call the mode
I could hear 'em spinning all the smash hits
At the Mecca of the modern dance–The Ritz
Me feet fox-trotted and me shoulders did the shimmie
The bouncers on the door said "gimmie gimmie gimmie"
I gave 'em the tickets, they gave me the shits
No healthy arguments in the Ritz
Standing by the cig machine who did I see
In lurex and terylene she hypnotised me
I asked her name and she said it's
Salome Malony, Queen of The Ritz
Lacquered in a beehive, her barnett didn't budge
Wet look lips, she smiled as sweet as fudge
She had a number on her back and sequins on her tits
The sartorial requirements for females at The Ritz
A man making like Fred Astaire complete with spats and tails
A Douglas Fairbank's moustache, dirty finger nails
Whose snide innuendo was as subtle as the blitz
Waltzed off with Salome in his greasy little mits
Standing in the dandruff light trying to get pissed
Among the head lice, Old Spice, Brut and Body Mist
How can she be seen dead dancing with that dick
Her being Salome, el supremo of The Ritz
Tables flew, bottles broke, the bouncers shouted "Lumber"
The dummy got too chummy in a Bing Crosby number
The glass globe dropped, cut the crowd to bits
Meanwhile, what about the queen of The Ritz
When the ambulances came she was lying on the deck
She fell off her stiletto heels and broke her fuckin' neck
The band threw down their instruments, the management threw fits
She's dead, she don't bring the business to The Ritz
The over 21's night said it was a shame
The dee-vor-cee club will never be the same
Joe Loss killed himself, Vic Sylvester quit
When the death dance drama did away with The Ritz
When the Last Waltz withered, the quick step stopped
The ladies excuse me was permenantly blocked
And Mecca made a living selling little bits
Of Salome Maloney, in the wreckage of The Ritz

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* PENSIONS * MOTOR etc.

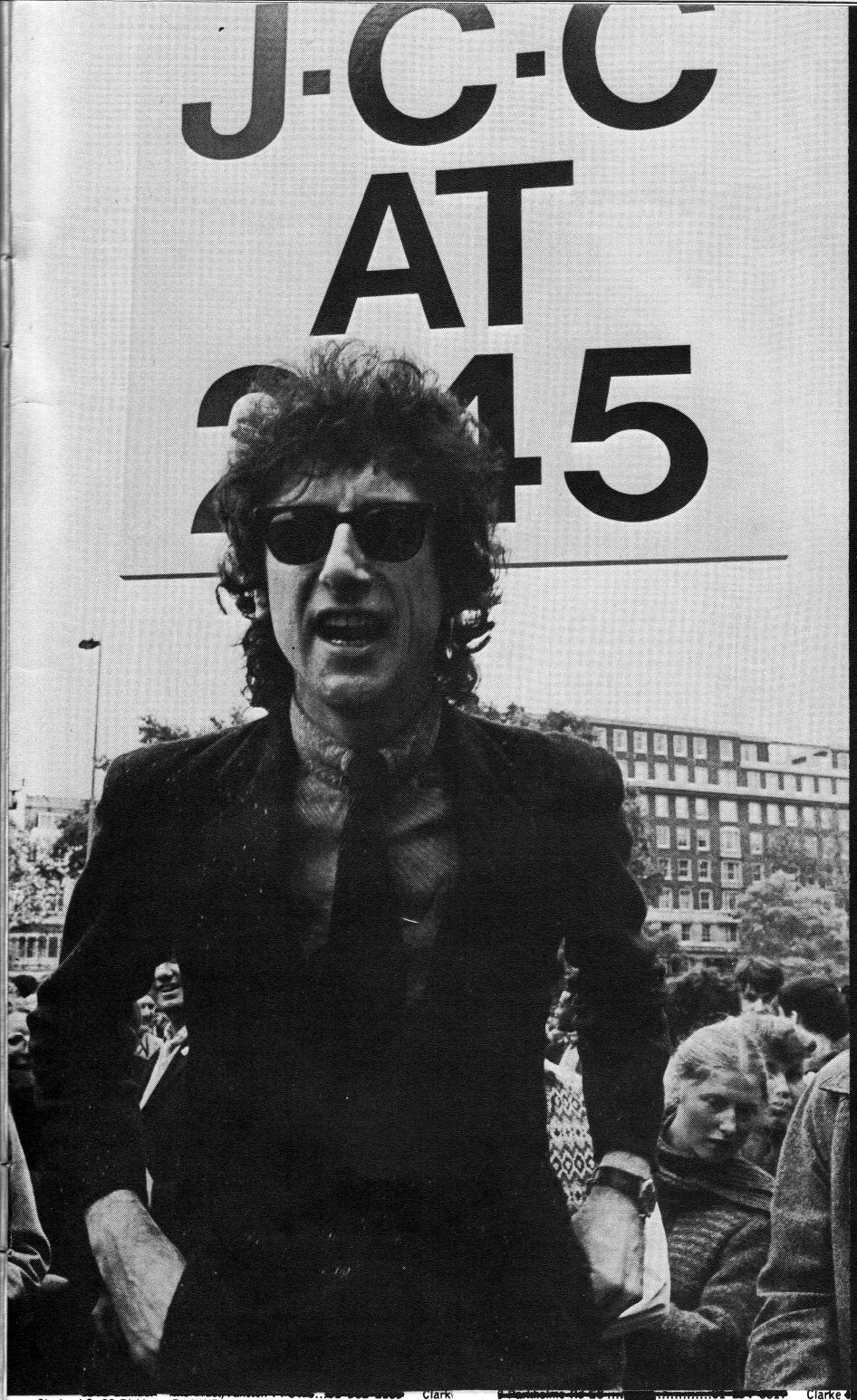


(I MARRIED A) MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE *(Clarke/Hannett/Hopkins)*

I fell in love with an alien being
Whose skin was jelly, whose teeth were green
She had big bug eyes and the death ray glare
Feet like water wings, purple hair
I was over the moon, I asked her back to my place
And then I married the monster from outer space
The days were numbered the nights were spent
In a rent-free furnished oxygen tent
Where a cyborg chef served up moon beans
Done super-rapid on a laser beam
I needed nutrition to keep up the pace
When I married the monster from outer space
We walked out tentacle in hand
You could sense that the earthlings wouldn't understand
They'd go nudge nudge when we got off the bus
Saying 'It's extra-terestial, not like us'
And 'It's bad enough with another race,
But fuck me a monster from outer space'.
In a cybernetic fit of rage
She pissed off to another age
She lives in 1999
With her new boyfriend, a blob of slime
Each time I see a translucent face
I remember the monster from outer space.

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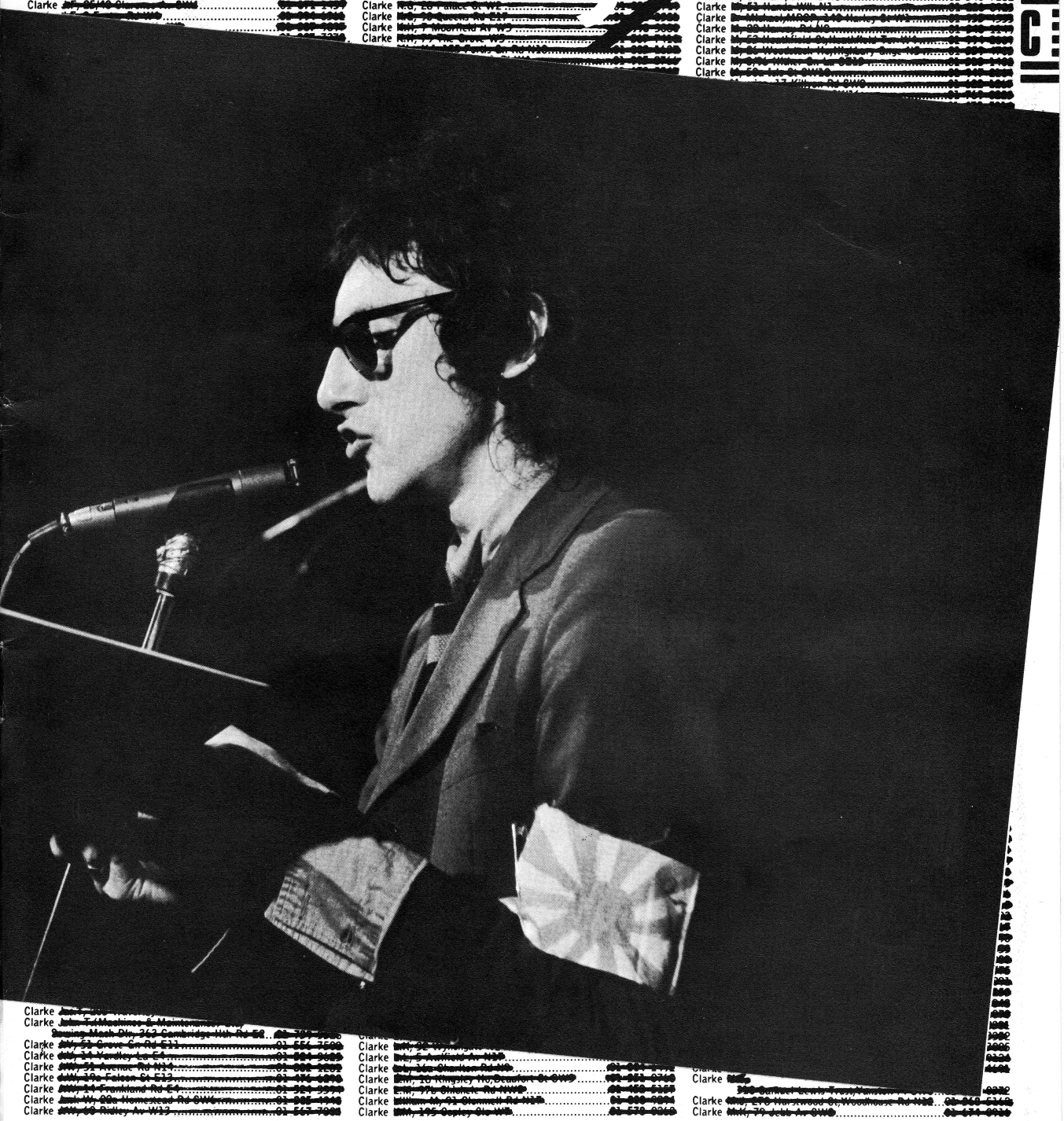


Clarke ...
Clarke ...
Clarke ...

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS (*John Cooper Clarke*)

A copper's nark
Cautious talk of a city under suspicion
A perfumed collision
With the real meaning of a girl
Working in the dark
From the velvet shadows
In the black blood of engines
You're in suspension
In the best of all possible worlds
Furnished rooms in tune
With the frozen taste of money
A broken television
Flickers in the corner of one eye
A variety show
That goes below the freezing point of numbers
To understand an episode of a dream that money can buy
Where the necromancies crucifix
And fifty dead assistants
Appear by a dried up fountain
It's the festival of the spoons whatever that is
Two strumpets dance with rainbow feathers
On the lines of least resistance
Into the middle distance of a supermarket
Familiar ground
He stops her breath with the sneak thief
Kiss of a roscoe
Love letters from Moscow
Calling for the hardware of surprise
In a jealous town where
Desperation isn't worth the trouble
Meet your double
In an episode of a dream that money can buy
Bye bye love
Say goodnight Irene to the magnetism of the moment
The future fails to feature beyond the force fields of their eyes
Decadent waves, depraved angel
Or a plaything of the rodents
Not quite the kind of creature with whom they socialise.

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JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Business of consequence-

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